



ERRONEOUS JUDGEMENT
OF
MORTALS:
AN ORIENTAL TALE.

We see but in part.

BOZALDAB, Califf of Egypt, had dwelt securely for many years in the silken pavilions of pleasure, and had every morning anointed his head with the oil of gladness, when his only son, Aboram, (for whom he had crouded his treasures with gold, extended his dominions with conquests and secured them with impregnable fortresses) was suddenly wounded as he was hunting with

with an arrow from an unknown hand, and expired in the field.

Bozaldab, in the distraction of grief and despair, refused to return to his palace, and retired to the gloomiest grotto in the neighbouring mountain; he there rolled himself in the dust, toar away the hairs of his hoary beard, and dashed the cup of consolation, offered him by patience, to the ground. He suffered not his minstrels to approach his presence; but listened to the screams of the melancholy birds of midnight that flit through the solitary vaults and echoing chambers of the pyramids. "Can that God be benevolent, he cried, who thus wounds the soul, as from an ambush, with unexpected sorrow, and crushes his creature in a moment with irremediable calamity? Ye lying Imans, talk no more of the justice and kindness of an all-directing Providence! He, who you pretend reigns in heaven, is so far from protecting the miserable sons of men, that he perpetually delights to blast the sweetest flower in the garden of hope; and, like a malignant giant, to beat down the strongest tower of happiness with the iron mace of his avenging anger. If this Being possessed the goodness and the power with which flattering priests have invested him, he would doubtless be inclined and enabled to banish those evils which render the world a dungeon of distress, a vale